THE GLADSOME LIFE

The Quiet Hour Series



Presented to
The Library
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The Estate of the late
Professor A. H. Young
M.A., D.C.L.

to any fellow-creature
let me do it
Now.
Let me not defer
or neglect it for
I shall not pass
this way again.

Stephen Grellet.

The Quiet Hour Series



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Selected by
J. E. & H. S.

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The Quiet Hour Series

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FOREWORD

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.

S. COOLIDGE.

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GOLD FROM THE MINE



HIDDEN FAITH

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is in the field when He
Is most invisible.
He hides Himself so wondrously
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

F. W. FABER.

What we need most is not so much to realise the ideal as to idealise the real.

F. H. HEDGE.

UP AND DOING

Sit not blindfolded, soul, and sigh
For the immortal by and bye!
Dreamer, seek not heaven afar
On the shores of some strange star!
This a star is—this, thine earth!
Here the germ awakes to birth
Of God's sacred life in thee—
Heir of Immortality!

Soul, perceive thy perfect hour!
Let thy life burst into flower!
Heaven is opening to bestow
More than thou canst think or know.
Now to thy true height arise!
Enter now thy paradise!
In to-day to-morrow see!
Now is immortality!

L. LARCOM.

Little is much if *God* is in it;
Man's busiest day's not worth God's minute;
Much is little everywhere,
If God the labour do not share;
So work *with* God and nothing's lost,
Who works with Him does *best* and *most*,
Work on, work on.

M. L. WATTS.

EXPERIENCE

Experience bows a sweet, contented face,
Still setting-to her seal that God is true;
Beneath the sun, she knows, is nothing new;
All things that go return with measured pace,
Winds, rivers, man's still recommencing race:—
While Hope beyond earth's circle strains her view,
Past sun and moon and rain and rainbow too,
Enamoured of unseen eternal grace.
Experience saith, 'My God doth all things well;'
And for the morrow taketh little care,
Such peace and patience garrison her soul:—
While Hope, who never yet hath eyed the goal,
With arms flung forth and backward-floating hair,
Touches, embraces, hugs the invisible.

C. ROSSETTI.

SAYING AND DOING

We must turn God's promises into prayers, and then they shall be turned into performances; for, with God, saying and doing are not two things, as they often are with men. God will do as He hath said. HENRY.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower;
So shall it be with thee if, restful still,
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable. GOETHE.

FORWARD

Let us forward, God lead us. Though blind, shall we be afraid to follow? I do not see my way: I do not care to: but I know that He sees His way, and that I see Him.

C. KINGSLEY.

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled:
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our Dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping
Safe for ever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

A. A. PROCTER.

Dr. Mathieson once said, that it is a solemn thing to say "to-morrow" when God says "to-day," because man's to-morrow and God's to-day never meet.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a little dash of water cold,
  And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold,
  Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment,
  And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
  A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love,
  And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old book and a glance above
  Complete the well-made day.

We must "look forward and not backward;" we must learn the grace of self-forgiveness. If we sit and brood over our weaknesses, over the waywardness and the wanderings of heart and life that have made our path so crooked—if we dwell on our mistakes, follies, and sins—all strength will go out of us, and we shall sink in a bottomless abyss of despair.

C. G. AMES.

FOLLOW ME

One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving "Follow Me!"

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
And every hour in perfect peace I'll sing,
He knows, He knows.

If each man in his measure
Would do a brother's part,
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into that brother's heart,
How changed would be our country,
How changed would be our poor!
Ah, then might merry England
Deserve her name once more.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

DROP A WORD

Drop a word:—
One little seed becomes a tree,
One little drop helps fill the sea,
One ray of light bids darkness flee.

Drop a word:—
One little spark oft lights the fire,
One little look excites desire,
One little spot betrays the mire.

Drop a word:—
One little star lights up the night,
One little speck will spoil the sight,
One little blow makes thousands fight.

Drop a word:—
One little mark betrays the thief,
One little kindness brings relief,
One little sin eternal grief.

Drop a word:—
One little beam will show the sun,
One little word life's race how won,
And pearly gates when life is done.

W. P. BALFERN.

No man can pass into eternity, for he is already in it.

DEAN FARRAR.

ASPIRATION AND ENERGY

Each one's battle must be a personal one. We may decline the struggle, but it will be declining also the joy of victory. No one can reach the summit without climbing the steep mountain-path. We cannot be borne up on any strong shoulder. No one, not even God, can carry us up. Heaven does not put features of beauty into our lives as the jeweller sets gems in clusters in a coronet. The unlovely elements are not removed and replaced by lovely ones like slides in the stereopticon. Each must win his way through struggles and efforts to all noble attainments. The help of God is given only in co-operation with human aspiration and energy. While God works in us, we are to work out our own salvation.

J. R. MILLER.

A QUESTION

Is any home the brighter
  Because you passed that way?
Is any heart the lighter
  That you have lived to-day?

TEN TO ONE

Talk not of talents; what hast thou to do?
Thy duty, be thy portion five or two—
Talk not of talents; is thy duty done?
Thou hadst sufficient, were they ten or one.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Take heed each action do
As ever in His sight;
More fearing doing ill, than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring.

Who such a life doth live,
You happy e'en may call.

. . . .

W. DRUMMOND.

The gospel of expediency brings triumph for to-day, defeat for to-morrow. The ages honour the heroic minorities. Truth heeds not the hasty ballot that closes a feverish canvass, but it counts the slow vote of the centuries.

W. C. GANNETT.

SO LITTLE

It takes so little to make us glad,
Just the cheery clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand,
And we finish the task we long had planned,
And lose the doubt and fear we had.
It takes so little to make us glad.

We cannot all be heroes,
And thrill a hemisphere
With some great, daring venture,
Some deed that mocks at fear,
But we can fill a lifetime
With kindly acts and true:
There's always noble service
For noble souls to do.

C. A. MASON.

Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of life! Speak not till thy thought has silently matured itself. Speech is human; silence is divine. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into time and grows through all eternity.

T. CARLYLE.

THE CHANNEL OF LOVE

Not they alone who build the tower,
Or bridge the gulf, are builders true;
When God would build Himself a tower
His architects are sun and dew.

Unseen they work their magic craft,
From dawnlight until summer gloom;
Till perfect soars the lily's shaft
And round the sunflower's golden dome.

When God who builds Himself a life,
Silent He labours, working through
The love of friend and child and wife,
Which is as sunlight and as dew.

O sacred hands that toil'd for me!
Alone less human than divine;
Whate'er I am and yet shall be,
The building of my soul was Thine.

What we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is in the end of little consequence; the only thing of consequence is what we *do*.

J. RUSKIN.

BLESSING IN THE CLOUD

There is music in the rainfall,
  And a blessing in the cloud,
And refreshment to the flowers
  When the dewy mists enshroud.
E'en the song birds' notes are sweeter,
  Ringing forth o'er hill and plain,
As they praise the Sunshine-Giver
  For the healing gift of rain.

There are sunny days of pleasure,
  There are hours with sorrow rife,
For the light and shadow mingle
  In our little span of life.
Then uplift thine eyes to Heaven
  When the storms thy pathway shroud;
For there's music in the rainfall,
  And a blessing in the cloud.

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray, nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with double brightness. Happiness is not perfected till it is shared.

PORTER.

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT

Never mind whether people praise you or not; you do what you ought to do. And do not be always thinking of your rights. There are people who think themselves very grand because they cannot bear to be interfered with. They think themselves lovers of justice, while it is only justice to themselves they care about. The true lover of justice is one who would rather be a slave than interfere with the rights of others. To wrong anyone is the most terrible thing in the world. Injustice *to* you is not an awful thing like injustice *in* you.

G. MACDONALD.

Why is the sun more bright than rain?
Why does the night bring forth the day?
Why do souls grow strong through pain?
'Tis God's way.

Him to trust though sunbeams fail,
Him to trust though loves decay,
Him to see behind the veil,
Be my way.

PLOD ON

To go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little advocations, to smile for the joy of others when the heart is aching . . . who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.

DEAN FARRAR.

In time, and by degrees, may things be wrought,
That seemed impossible to have been done,
When they were first conceived in the thought;
And such as these we may adventure on.
Mine arm, I know, in time will fell an oak,
But I will ne'er attempt it at a stroke.

G. WITHER.

Ah, how much good we may do each other by a few friendly words; and the opportunities for them are so much more frequent than for friendly deeds.

G. ELIOT.

KIND WORDS

What silence we keep year after year
With those who are most near to us and dear;
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies within our reach,
Beneath the common ground of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go,
These dear familiar friends who loved us so,
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some kind word
That once we might have said, and they have heard.

J. R. LOWELL.

Can anything be sadder than work left unfinished? Yes; work never begun.

C. ROSSETTI.

I WILL NOT WORRY

I will not worry, I will trust,
God knows I am a child of dust;
He knows I long to do His will,
Though darkness closes round me still.

I will not worry, I will hope,
Perhaps upon some sunny slope
The flowers are waiting for me there,
While here the hills are bleak and bare.

I will not worry, I will pray,
I know God cares for me to-day;
And trusting ever in His love,
I'll tread the path that leads above.

H. DUSENBURG.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right;
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight. . . .

While there is one untrodden track,
For intellect or will;
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

A. AUSTIN.

EVER-BLESSED

Think not of what is from thee kept;
  Think rather what thou hast received:
Thine eyes have smiled if they have wept;
  Thy heart has danced if it has grieved.
Rich comforts yet shall be thine own;
  Yea, God Himself shall wipe thine eyes;
And still His love alike is shown
  In what He gives, and what denies.

H. S. SUTTON.

Good thoughts, like rose leaves, give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory. C. H. SPURGEON.

All sort of right lives are worth while. The world needs them all. It needs the upright kind, uneducated, man or woman, just as it needs the upright kind, educated one. It needs the brave invalid as much as the brave soldier. Wherever a man or woman is, his or her life, if lived rightly, counts, and will have its reward.

TRUE PRAYER

It is not prayer—
  This clamour of our eager wants,
That fills the air
  With wearying, selfish plaints.

It is true prayer
  To seek the Giver more than gift,
God's life to share,
  And love,—for this our cry to lift.

The rougher the way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
To grow is to wait and to watch and to pray,
Seeking in silence, by night and by day,
Law is the secret, and truth is the way.
Thy life is to be, to do, and to bless;
Immortal the good and true happiness—
He doeth the most who loveth the best.

J. WOLCOTT.

SILENT LOVE

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.
Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

Sigh not the old heroic ages back;
The heroes were but brave and earnest men;
Do thou but hero-like pursue thy track;
Striving, not sighing, brings them back again.
The hero's path is straight to do and say
God's words and work in spite of toil and shame;
Labours enough will meet thee on thy way—
Do thou forsake it not to seek for them.

Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on; hold fast; hold out. Patience is genius.

SAVONAROLA.

THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE

"Wouldst thou," so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?"
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend the mystery.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
But sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier day begun.

P. GERHARDT.

LOOK TO YOUR HEALTH

When we are out of sorts, things get on our nerves; the most trifling annoyances assume the proportions of a catastrophe. It is a sure sign we need rest and fresh air.

LORD AVEBURY

From the darkness of the winter
To the brightness of the spring,
From the silence of the snowfall
To the sweep of song and wing,
From the night of patient waiting
To the dawn of rising day,
Thou hast brought us, dear Redeemer,
Safely on the heavenward way.

. . . .

From the winter and the snowfall
To the spring-time and the spray;
From the tempest's dreary moaning
To the song that wakes the day;
From the cross that weakness beareth
To the palm that strength shall wave,
We shall pass, through Him who leads us,
Through the darkness of the grave.

M. E, SANGSTER.

NEVER YET

Never yet was a spring-time
  Late, though lingered the snow
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
  Of the south wind's sweet blow;
Never yet was a spring-time
  When the buds forgot to blow.

Even the wings of the summer
  Are folded under the mould;
Life that has known no dying,
  Is Love's to have and to hold
Till sudden, the bourgeoning Easter,
  The song, the green, and the gold.

M. E. SANGSTER.

We tread a better earth to-day
  Than that the fathers knew;
A broader sky line rounds away
  To realms of riper blue.
More ample is the human right,
  More true the human ken;
The law of God has been a light
  To lead the lives of men.

F. LANGBRIDGE.

Though old the thoughts and oft exprest
They're theirs at last who use them best.

YOUTH AND AGE

The affliction of old age is one of the greatest consolations of humanity. I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, what an inhuman world without the aged.

H. COLERIDGE.

Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul, another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

E. ARNOLD.

The next time you get discouraged try encouraging someone else, and see if it will not cheer you.

NOW

Keep not your kisses for my dead,
cold brow—
The way is lonely—let me feel them
now!
Think gently of me, I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with
many a thorn,
Forgive, Oh, hearts estranged, forgive,
I plead!
And give the tenderness which *now*
I need.

There are little lessons hidden
In the daily word and deed,
That illuminate life's highway
If we rightly run and read.

The period of life is brief,
It is the red in the red rose-leaf,
It is the gold of a sunset sky,
It is the flight of a bird on high.
But one may fill the space
With such infinite grace
That the red shall vein all time,
And the gold through all ages shine,
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portals of God's own Gate.

A NEW YEAR'S SUGGESTION

Speak a shade more kindly than the year before;
Pray a little oftener, love a little more;
Cling a little closer to the Father's love:
Thus life below shall liker grow unto the life above.

AN OLD TIME WISH

God be in my mouthe,
And in my speakynge:
God be in my herte,
And in my thynkynge.

PRYMER OF SALISBURY, 1531.

There is only one way of having good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served. Only let it be remembered that "kindness" means, as with your child, so with your servant, not indulgence, but care.

J. RUSKIN.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

DEEPEN THY ROOTS

Force not thy upward growth, but first of all
Deepen thy roots, then may'st thou well sustain
The rays of sunlight that upon thee fall,
And, without withering, all thy strength retain.
Plants that have little else but leaf and flower,
However bright their hue, live but their little hour.

J. SHARP.

Act upon this prudent plan:
Say little and learn all you can.

All true work is sacred . . . . Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals; celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind.

T. CARLYLE.

FAITHFULNESS

Is it the work that makes life great and true?
Or the true soul that, working as it can,
Does faithfully the task it has to do,
And keepeth faith alike with God and man.

W. SMITH.

In order to manage children, we must borrow their eyes and their hearts, see and feel as they do, and judge them from their own point of view. I pray God to make parents reasonable.

E. DE GUERIN.

East, West, Home's best—
Each hearth some wanderer's goal;
For, as at night the wild bird seeks her rest,
Home flies the soul:
And I, who may not come though dear ones call,
Send Home my heart instead—God bless you all.

DINNA FRET

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From Regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for to-day and for to-morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, an' dinna fret.

A kindly word and a kindly deed,
A helpful hand in time of need,
With a strong true heart
To do his part—
Thus went the sower out with his seed,
Nor stayed in his toil to name his creed.

E. DARE.

God has a particular place and a special service for every soul. Do not mistake about this! A man may be in the wrong place, but it is his doing, and the right one is empty because of his failure to fill it. God makes no mistakes when he places men.

W. WORDSWORTH.

A SMILE

What a lot of good you'd do
If you'd smile!
As this world you travel through—
If you'd smile!
Though you're neither rich nor clever,
Though your youth be gone for ever,
Yet one thing you can endeavour—
You can smile!

G. ARUNDEL.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will,
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,—
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,—
Quicken our gratitude.

W. D. HOWELLS.

Gentle words, quiet words, are, after all, the most powerful words.

GLADDEN.

FOR MY SAKE

Thou must learn, in loving,
  First to follow Me,
Loving those who hate thee,
  As I lovèd thee.
Loving Me in others
  Who My life partake,
And the lost and loveless
  Loving for my sake.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Soul, perceive thy perfect hour!
Let thy life burst into flower!
Heaven is opening to bestow
More than thou canst think or know.
Now to thy true height arise!
Enter now thy paradise!
In to-day, to-morrow see!
Now is immortality!

L. LARCOM.

Work is the fresh air of the soul!
  It clears the heavy brain,
Quickens the pulses of the mind,
Warms the thought to action, and
    the blind
And sluggish will sunk into ease
Of ineffective lethargies,
  It stirs to life again.

MY NICHE

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou then small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment.

R. C. TRENCH.

The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly and with an ill-will, a stony piece of bread; it is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes the man in the going down.

SENECA.

THE CHARM OF CHEERFULNESS

Nothing on earth can smile but a man. Gems may flash reflected light; but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash? Flowers cannot smile; this is a charm that even they cannot claim. It is the prerogative of man; it is the colour which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three.

H. W. BEECHER.

But be not thou as those whose mind
Is to the passing hour confined;
Let no ignoble fetters bind
Thy soul as free as wind.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;
They only live who dare.

L. MORRIS.

So far as I can see, there is only one way in which faith is got. I learn to trust you, my brother, as I come to know you.

H. DRUMMOND.

SATIRE AND SNEER

The heart malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike,
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venomed dart
Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase whose meaning kills.

Self-conceit is self-deceit.

Mountains are not climbed by looking at them.

Never fancy you could be something if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. The very things that you most deprecate, as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities.

H. BUSHNELL.

KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE

Knowledge and Love are reciprocal. He who loves knows. He who knows loves. Saint John is the example of the first; Saint Paul of the second.

C. KINGSLEY.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart:
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it, ere you give.

E. W. WILCOX.

Be merry, but with modesty; be sober, but not sullen; be valiant, but not venturous; let your clothes be comely, but not costly; your diet wholesome, but not excessive; mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof. Serve God, fear God, love God, and God will so bless you as either your heart can wish or your friends desire.

SYLY.

SCHOOL-DAYS

Let us only be patient; and let God our Father teach His own lesson in His own way. Let us try to learn it well and learn it quickly; but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school-bell and send us to play before our lesson is learned. C. KINGSLEY.

By thine own soul's law, learn to live;
And, if men thwart thee, take no heed;
And, if men hate thee, have no care—
Sing thou thy song, and do thy deed;
Hope thou thy hope, and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.

The peace of him that has lived near to God is like the quiet steady lustre of the lighthouse lamp, startling no one, ever to be found when wanted, casting the same mild ray through the long night across the maddest billows that curl their crest around the rock on which it stands.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

SAY IT NOW

Give me a kind word while I'm here to listen to it, rather than a whole page of palaver in the local paper when I'm dead and buried.

E. FOWLER.

Then take this honey for the bitterest cup;
There is no failure, save in giving up;
No real fall so long as one still tries,
For seeming set-backs make the strong man wise.
There's no defeat, in truth, save from within;
Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

Leave well alone is a good rule, but leave ill alone is a better.

Then let us smile when skies are grey,
And laugh at stormy weather,
And sing life's lonesome times away:
So worry and the dreariest day
Will find an end together.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harm, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good, so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

All is of God that is and is to be,
And God is good. Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His Will
Who moves to His great ends, unthwarted by the ill.

J. G. WHITTIER.

If the wind will not serve, take to the oars.

When you are afraid of God fly to His Arms.

The secret of a sweet and Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us.

A PORTRAIT

Some-one's selfish, some-one's lazy,
Is it you?
Some-one's sense of right is hazy,
Is it you?
Some-one lives a life of ease,
Doing only what doth please,
Drifting idly with the breeze,
Is it you?

Throughout the world if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap, they cost right naught,
Their substance is but only wind.
But well to say, and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

SIR T. WYAT.

Our highest aspirations and longings for something better are a sign that better things exist. It is not given to the creature to exceed the Creator in imagination or in goodness, and the best and highest we can imagine shall be more than fulfilled by reality —in due time.

SIR O. LODGE.

LIFE'S HARVEST

All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final harvest hour:
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

DEAN ALFORD.

The summit of our attainment yesterday should be the starting-point of our venture to-day.

W. M. PUNSHON.

Pray! though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears!
An answer—not that you long for,
But diviner—will come some day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray!

A. A. PROCTER.

A clear conscience is the best law, and temperance the best physic.

THE DEED AND THE WILL

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees,
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge
Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our
bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

J. DRINKWATER.

REDEEM THE TIME

Let us detach ourselves from things trifling and insignificant, and give ourselves up to the study of things worthy our nature and capacity. We all value our possessions, and much more ought we to estimate our time.

How many words and actions are capable of being taken by two handles, are patient of two interpretations, a good interpretation and a bad! We are unmerciful when without necessity we are judges of evil thoughts, when we suspect meanness, littleness, untruthfulness, not to speak of worse surmisings, in others.

R. C. TRENCH.

IN LIFE'S STORMS

Here, where the tides all around me
are bitter,
Sobbing and throbbing on sands of
unrest,
Be Thou the guide of me,
Close by the side of me,
Reaching me, teaching me all that
is best.

May life's sowing ever bring
Golden joys for harvesting.

Do we not know that more than half our trouble is borrowed? Just suppose that we could get rid of all unnecessary and previous terror; just suppose that we could be sure of final victory in every conflict, and final emergence out of every shadow into brighter day; how our hearts would be lightened! How much more bravely we should work and fight and march forward! This is the courage to which we are entitled and which we may find in the thought that God is with us everywhere.

H. VAN DYKE.

A SABBATH

Birds cannot always sing;
Silence at times they ask to nurse spent feeling:
To see some new bright thing,
Ere a fresh burst of song, fresh joy revealing.

Flowers cannot always blow;
Some Sabbath rest they need of silent winter:
Ere from its sheath below
Shoots up a small, green blade, brown earth to splinter.

Tongues cannot always speak;
O, God! in this loud world of noise and chatter,
Save us this once a week,
To let the sown seed grow, not always scatter.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts, bright fancies, faithful sayings; treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor poverty take away from you,—houses built without hands for your souls to live in.

J. RUSKIN.

THE MASTER-MASON

The School of Suffering is a preparation for the King's higher houses. God's hammering of you from your youth is only to make you a fair carved stone in the high upper Temple.

RUTHERFORD.

It matters little where I was born,
Whether my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

Godless Science reads Nature as Milton's daughters did Hebrew; rightly syllabling the sentences, but utterly ignorant of the meaning.

S. COLEY.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But ah, the touch of lips and hands—
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,—
These need I most, and now, and here.
R. BURTON.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.
LORD BYRON.

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by, is the love and peace and tenderness of it. Not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, but just the laughter of little children, and the friendship of friends, and the cosy talk of the fireside, and the sight of flowers and the sound of music.
J. R. GREEN.

BONDAGE OF CUSTOM

Strive all your life to free me from the bondage of custom and self, two great elements of the world that lieth in wickedness.

C. KINGSLEY.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

S. A. BROOKE.

As roses grow from rose-roots, and nettles from nettle-roots, because God, the God of order, works in the natural world, so gentleness of spirit and speech is a tree of paradise, making a little Eden wherever it grows; whilst anger and hatred ever bring curses and unhappiness in their train.

J. M. GIBBON.

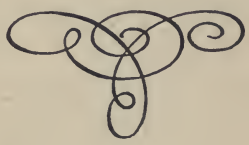
A DAY'S WAGE

Love wore a suit of trodden grey,
And toiled within the fields all day.
Love wielded pick, and carried pack,
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meagre fed and sorely lashed
The only wage love ever asked,
A child's wan face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle-light.

Just because there's fallen
A snowflake on his forehead,
He must go and fancy
'Tis winter all the year!

ALDRICH.



THE THINGS THAT COUNT



THE WEALTH OF SYMPATHY

I may not strive to reach the heights,
My place is lowly and obscure,
But if at night I can recall
One helpful deed, however small,
If some bright word I may have said,
A soul has cheered and comforted,
If I have tried at least to share
The burdens that my neighbours bear;
Then I may count my day well spent,
And sleep with calm and sweet content.

We labour on in faith and love,
Our weakness here, our strength above;
Ours is to work and pray;
To stay the rushing tide of crimes,
To build the wall in troublous times,
And bring the brighter day.

THE SABBATH

The true spirit of the Sabbath appointment is, not that we should condense the religion of the week into the Sabbath, but that we should carry forth from the Sabbath its hallowed impulses and feelings into the other days of the week, to elevate and to sustain us amid its wearisome secularities and depressing cares. The Lord has given us the Sabbath, not to relieve us of our religion, but so to revive our religion on that day as to impel its healthy tide into the remotest nook and corner of every-day duty.

DR. A. THOMSON.

Shun selfishness
In every form; yea even in good things;
In office, station, notoriety;
The sect, the creed, the sermon, and the pew.
Remember in the alphabet of things
There's many a letter more important far
Than the great "I" man thinks so much.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

LIGHT COME, LIGHT GO

That truth which little costs is loosely held,
We think of it as something once beheld;
Like silver it may shine upon our crest,
Make us look fine when we are gaily dress'd,
But time will wear it off.

The truths for which we fight we hold for life,
They stir our faith and heal sin's bitter strife;
Like living bread they feed the hungry soul,
Thus give us strength and nerve with self-control:
O may such truth be ours!

REMEMBER

There is a blessing wrapped up for you in every lowly duty, and if you despise its homely dress, the loss and responsibility are your own.

Arise! and on thy future way
His blessing with thee be.

HEARTSEASE

I have nothing to send you, dearest,
On the day you make so sweet,
But if I could I would gather
Roses to strew at your feet;
Lilies to light your chamber
When the gloaming gathers in;
And to sing you a song of their glory
Who neither toil nor spin.

The best I can buy you, dearest,
Is the herb they call Heartsease;
For you live with the few and the precious
Who seek not self to please;
But ever who lives for others,
And ever who makes us give,
Thanks to the Father in heaven
That with us He lets them live.

M. E. SANGSTER.

A QUARTETTE OF GRACES

Virtue, wisdom, goodness, and real worth, like the lodestone, never lose their power. These are true graces, each yielding a blessing, which are linked hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.

TRUE BEAUTY

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.
Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

A HOMELY THOUGHT

A few more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half happiness to those with whom I live. S. BROOKE.

ADVERSITY A BLESSING

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

THINK

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
  This new day is born,
Into eternity
  At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did,
So soon it for ever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

T. CARLYLE.

TRUE PRAYER

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay:
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

. . . . . .

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see.
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

H. COLERIDGE.

BE CHARITABLE

A habit of looking for the best in everybody, and of saying kindly instead of unkindly things about them, strengthens the character, elevates ideals, and tends to produce happiness.

BEAUTY A SACRAMENT

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, who is the Fountain of all loneliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

A HEARTY LAUGH

A laugh is just like sunshine,
  It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light
  And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
  And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
  For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
  It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard,
  The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
  Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
  For making living sweet.

REVERENCE FOR BOOKS

This is the age of books. And we should reverence books. Consider! except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book—a message to us from the dead, from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away, and yet in those little sheets of paper speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers!

C. KINGSLEY.

A CHRISTMAS RECIPE

Take a cup of thoughtfulness,
  Take a cup of love,
Take the herbs that cheer and bless,
  Drawn from stores above.
Take a pinch or two of pains,
  And an ounce of wit,
And of secrecy two grains,
  Just to flavour it.
Cook it at the fire of zest,
  Seeking not your own:
You will have the merriest
  Christmas ever known.

A. R. WELLS.

GENERAL GORDON'S WISH

I ask God for the following things .... Not to have anything of the world come between Him and me; and not to fear death, or to feel regret if it came before I had completed what I may think my programme. GENERAL GORDON.

LOVE BESTOWED

Learn that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man. It is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it. J. INGELOW.

A THANKFUL HEART

The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so will it find in every hour some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's sand is gold.

H. W. BEECHER.

SAY NOT, O HEART

Say not, O heart, that thou must sink
  Beneath thy weight of care;
Remember that thy Lord and King
  Can help thee everywhere.

Thy burden does not waste His strength,
  Nor drain His tender love;
Take heart! O weary one, look up!
  Thy God still reigns above.

Be cheered, desponding soul!
  God's way and time are best;
Still do thy work and trust in Him,
  And He will do the rest.

LETTER WRITING

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend—and, forthwith, troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves on every hand, with chosen words.

R. W. EMERSON.

DRIFTING

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
  Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
  With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders,"
  And sailing by faith, not sight.
Keeping the line of duty
  Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
  Be the passage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
  Shall anchor at last in port.

H. CHAUNCEY.

REMORSE

We need to be careful how we deal with those about us, for Death carries with it to some small circle of survivors, thoughts of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired. Such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its pains, let us remember in time. C. DICKENS.

BE PATIENT

We long for something in our selfish pride,
Perhaps a bauble that may glitter bright,
Some foolish thing we think is good and right
For us to have; and though God may decide
That it is best that we should be denied,
We murmur at His will; our sin-blind sight,
Impatient, cannot see it in His light,
And so we spend our lives unsatisfied.
In every life there must be light and shade,
And joy and sorrow. A jewel in the dark
Will shine as in the sun, a quenchless spark,
Emblem of hope, whose light shall never fade.
Oh heart, be strong! though it may storm to-day,
Be patient, and "this, too, will pass away!"

H. COYLE.

LOVE IS NOT——

Love is not a feeling to pass away
Like the balmy breath of a summer day;
It is not—it cannot be—laid aside,
It is not a thing to forget or hide;
It clings to the heart, ah, woe is me,
As the ivy clings to the old oak tree.

Love is not a passion of earthly mould,
As a thIrst for honour, or fame, or gold;
For when all these wishes have died away,
The deep strong love of a brighter day
Though nourished in secret, consumes the more
As the slow rust eats to the iron's core.

C. DICKENS.

O ye, who taste that love is sweet,
Set waymarks for all doubtful feet
That stumble on in search of it.

Sing notes of love; that some who hear
Far off, inert, may lend an ear,
Rise up, and wonder, and draw near.

C. ROSSETTI.

SEEK AND STRIVE

Pure as lilies, and as buoyant,
As the birds that cleave the skies,
Seek and strive with earnest longing,
Seek for things to sacrifice.
Little pence and little moments,
Lay them down before the Lord:
Though He give no outward token,
In His heart your gifts are stored.

LEGENDA MONASTICA.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST

Lay up not yourselves treasures on earth. Sow for time, and probably you will succeed for time. Sow the seeds of life — humbleness, pure-heartedness, love,—and in the long eternity which is before the soul, every minutest grain will come up again with an increase of thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

You propose to give up everything for God. Be sure, then, to include yourself among the things to be given up.

ST. BERNARD.

CHILD-SOULS

They are such tiny feet,
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make Them go
More sure and slow!

They are such fond, clear eyes
That widen to surprise
At every turn; they are so often held
To sun or showers—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face,
Love asks for such much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts,
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky;
They may not be here by and bye;
Give them not love, but more—above
And harder—patience with the love.

C. KINGSLEY.

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.

J. RUSKIN.

COMPARISONS

Say well is good, but do well is better,
Do well seems spirit, say well is letter.
Say well is godly, and helpeth to please,
But do well lives godly, and gives the world ease.
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But do well is free on every ground.
Say well has friends, some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.
By say well to many God's Word cleaves,
But of lack of do well it often leaves.
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were gain.

Every noble act of devotion to truth, every pure life unstained with evil, every word of pity, every instance of forgiving goodness, helps us to a better faith in that divine and eternal goodness which has no variableness or shadow of turning.

J. F. CLARKE.

TEN THINGS

Ten things for which no one has ever been sorry are: doing good to all, being patient toward everybody, hearing before judging, thinking before speaking, holding an angry tongue, being kind to the distressed, speaking evil of none, asking pardon for all wrongs, stopping the ears to a tale-bearer, disbelieving all ill reports.

DREAMING

Every gentle deed you do
One bright Spirit brings to you,
One more Angel watch to keep
By your pillow while you sleep,
Softer makes the wind's weird song
Through the pine trees all night long,
Clearer makes the white stars gleam
While you dream,
While you dream.

Hold fast to God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbour. That is religion, that is the law and the prophets that are yet to come.

G. MACDONALD.

THEY SAY

These are two words so short that they are uttered before reflection has time to repress them. So light that they flutter from mouth to mouth, without our even knowing from whose lips they came. So powerful that they justify slander, authorise calumny, reassure the most timorous consciences, and circulate without contradiction, the gossip which destroys reputations and prepares the ruin and despair of families. They are called "They say."

CONTRASTS

Better to feel a love within,
  Than be lovely to the sight,
Better a homely tenderness
  Than beauty's wild delight.

Better to love than be beloved,
  Though lonely all the day:
Better the fountain in the heart
  Than the fountain by the way.

Better a death when work is done
  Than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house
  Than king of all the earth.

SOWING AND REAPING

Oh! I have sown with lavish hand,
Increasing in the world's wide fields,
And yet the hard and barren land
No rich response of harvest yields;
And I am weary with the pain
Of patient watching, and I fear
My scattered store of golden grain
Will never spring to blade and ear.

And yet, who knows? at last, though late,
The kindly rain and sun may bring
To other eyes that watch and wait
Sweet tokens of a blessed spring:
When we who toiled no longer keep
Our mortal watch on fields below;
Glad hearts and joyous hands may reap
The fruit of seed they did not sow.

O weary comrade, who hast sown
Thy seed with daily tears and toil,
And dreamest that no grain has grown,
But died in darkness in the soil,—
My comrade, still at morning sow,
Nor in the evening stay thine hand,
Thou dost thy Father's work, and lo!
Hereafter thou shalt understand.

REAPING

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties:
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And for the word that was given there
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while,
And had been wrecked without it;
And for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
It saved a soul when hope was gone,
And won a heart for Heaven;
And for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

D. G. BICKERS.

LITTLE! YES, BUT GREAT

Little words are the sweetest to hear, little birds are the best singers, little lakes are the stillest, little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled.

Little books are read the most, and little songs the dearest loved.

And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dewdrops, little flowers.

Agar's is a model prayer, but it is a little one, and the burden of the petition is for but little.

The Sermon on the Mount is but little, yet is its teaching unexhausted even now.

Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it might be done to a great purpose or ennobled thereby.

G. MACDONALD.

THE LAW OF LOVE

Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may freely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Thou flowing broad and free
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stanched will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

R. C. TRENCH.

The next time you get discouraged, just try encouraging some one else, and see if it will not cheer you.

LENDING TO THE LORD

"Give and you'll get!" 'Tis the Voice of the Lord.
All who obey shall receive the reward.
God has resources, abundant, unknown;
Learn the conditions, and make them your own.
All you possess cometh down from above,
Proof of the Father's unchangeable love:
He is the Owner, the Giver of all,
His to bestow, even His to recall.
Give Him the riches you eagerly earn,
Give Him the knowledge you labour to learn:
All that you have—'ere the night-shadows fall—
Lay at His Feet: He is worthy of all.
"Give and you'll get!" What a bountiful store
Into your bosom the Father will pour!
Never believe He'll remain in your debt:
Sure is the promise of "Give and you'll get."

S. M. CURRY.

INJUSTICE

In the little world in which children have their existence, whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt as injustice. It may be only small injustice that the child can be exposed to, but the child is small, and its world is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter.

C. DICKENS.

NOW AND HERE

The west winds blow, and singing low
I hear the glad streams run,
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But grateful take the food I find
The best of Now and Here.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

GRUMBLETOWN

Folks who live in Grumbletown
Show a scowl and wear a frown,
Never deign to give a smile,
Mumble, grumble all the while.

Winds are always hot or cold,
Making Grumble people scold;
Fretting, fuming, they complain
If it shine or if it rain.

All their tempers are awry,
Cannot please 'em if you try;
Nothing right, and all things wrong—
That's the burden of their song.

If you live there, don't you stay!
Pack your goods and move away!
Look around—on every hand
Shines the happy Laughter Land!

W. W. KENT.

THERE IS YOUR PLACE

Just where you stand in the conflict,
  There is your place;
Just where you think you are useless
  Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
  Whate'er it may be,
Think He has chosen you for it,
  And work loyally.

A CHAIN OF VIRTUE

The virtues all lock into each other. They cannot stand alone. Like the stones of an arch, no one of them can be wanting without making all the rest insecure. That character alone is trustworthy in which each virtue takes its relative position, and all are held in place and confirmed by the keystone of a living faith in the great central fact, that there is a God of infinite goodness and truth, whose commandments are the laws of life in this world and in the world to come.

M. C. WARE.

O heart, be brave!
And, though thy dearest, fairest hopes decay
Hopes all fulfilled shall crown another day;
Thou shalt not always grieve beside a grave.
O heart, be strong!
Be valiant to do battle for the right;
Hold high truth's stainless flag; wall in the light,
And bow not weakly to the rule of wrong.

J. G. WHITTIER.

EARN IT

If you crave a word of cheer,
Earn it:
If you sigh for glory here,
Earn it.
Fortune's ready with her smile:
Would you have her beam on you?
Don't expect her favour while
You sit dolorous and blue—
Earn it!
Is it Love that you would claim?
Earn it!
Do you fondly dream of fame?
Earn it!
Fate herself may not deny—
Let her do the worst she can—
The reward that by and bye
Time delivers, when a man
Earns it!

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

THE PLEASURES OF READING

Book love is your pass to the greatest and purest and the most perfect pleasures that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts while all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant as long as you live.

A. TROLLOPE.

Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire.

W. M. THACKERAY.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch is dropped; one little sin indulged makes a hole you could put your head through.

C. BUXTON.

NATURE'S MANY VOICES

If any flower shall breathe for thee
A fragrant message from its pencilled urn,
If spring airs glad thee; if the sunset bring
Into thine eyes the tears of solemn joy;
If any radiant passion come to make
Existence beautiful and pure to thee;
If something deepest in thee wake
To a dim sentiment of mystery—
Ponder such ministrations, and be sure
Thou hast been touched by God, oh, human heart! TRUMAN.

THE GLADDEST DAY

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart.

JUST LIVE THY LIFE

Just live thy life in full content,
Do all thy best with what is sent,
Thou but receivest what is meant,
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Be not in fear,
The strength of wrong shall disappear,
And right is ever drawing near.
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Seem what thou art,
Nor from simplicity depart,
And peace shall come upon thy heart.
Just live thy life.

J. L. STOCKTON.

Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

Yesterday is yours no longer; tomorrow may never be yours; but today is yours, the living present is yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before. DEAN FARRAR.

REAL LIVING

A life spent in brushing clothes and washing crockery and scrubbing floors; a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust beneath their feet; a life spent at the clerk's desk; a life spent in the narrow shop; a life spent in the labourer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.

DEAN FARRAR.

The stream is calmest when it nears
the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at the even-
tide,
The birds most musical at close of
day,
And saints divinest when they pass
away.

We shall never acquire any great capacity for joy; the blessed peace of God will never posses our mind and heart, so long as we shrink from self-denial.

D. MARCH.

GIVING AND LIVING

The sun gives ever; so the earth,
What it can give, so much 'tis worth.
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.
And so the air, it gives us breath;
When it stops giving, in comes death.
  Give, give, be always giving;
  Who gives not is not living;
  The more you give, the more you live.

God's love hath to us wealth upheaped,
Only by giving is it reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give time, give prayers, but first yourself.
  Give, give, be always giving;
  Who gives not is not living;
  The more you give, the more you live.

Monasticism was a confession on the part of Christianity of being beaten by the world. STALKER.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will it matter by and bye,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a grey or golden sky,
When I look back on it by and bye?

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God;
Questioning not the how or why,
If I but reach Him by and bye.

M. J. PRESTON.

If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man, I say,
That of all mankind I cleave to Him,
And to him will I cleave alway.
But if Jesus Christ is God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air.

R. W. GILDER.

It has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions at whatever personal cost to myself. GARFIELD.

SOME LITTLE GOOD

True worth is in being—not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and bye.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We cannot make bargains for blisses;
Nor catch them, like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which we get
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

OUR FATHER

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—
Hangs the great earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And, as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So, when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed—
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

S. HOLM.

I count this thing to be gladly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

J. G. HOLLAND.

THE BLESSING OF CHEERFULNESS

Keep your troubles to yourself;
Put them on an upper shelf;
Far away as it may be,
Where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share
Of affliction, pain, and care;
Why should you, though sorely tried,
Burden them with yours beside?

Daily brooding o'er your grief
In no way affords relief,
But intensifies the smart,
Turns the arrow in the heart.

Think of others who have known
Greater sorrows than your own,
Keeping all their wounds concealed,
Heroes on life's battlefield!

Give of treasures you possess,
Loving care and tenderness,
Cheerful smiles or sordid pelf,
But keep your troubles to yourself.

J. POLLARD.

Whenever a man disuades you from doing well, because perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man.

J. RUSKIN.

TOO LATE!

O soul, why sittest thou so long
Beside a dead past, making moan?
Why wring thy pallid hands and cry
"*Too Late!*" Is not to-day thine own?

Thy harvest fields of life are bare,
No wealth of ripened gain thou hast,
Thy careless hands were folded close
Until the sowing-time was past.

But glean among another's sheaves,
And starve not for thine early sin;
A hired hand within his fields
Another's harvest gathers in.

Too late, indeed, for thee to build
The structure of thy visions sweet;
Yet thou, with helpful hands, may'st strive
Another's labours to complete.

Too late! Thy myrtle branches lie
All withered by the noontide's heat;
Yet thou the nettles may'st destroy
Which grow within another's gate.

The golden sun of hope fulfilled
Is hidden from thy skies away;
Yet light serene and fair still lies
Upon the pathway of to-day.

SWEETENING OF LIFE

The trouble, I think, with us all,
  Is the lack of a high conceit;
If each man thought he was sent to this spot
  To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world,
  How easily right all wrong;
If nobody shirked, and each one worked
  To help his fellows along.

E. W. WILCOX.

For one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

T. CARLYLE.

LOVE

That mysterious Light
Which doth reveal and yet transform;—which gives
Destiny, sorrow, youth, and death, and life,
Intenser meaning; in disquieting
Lifts up;—a Shining Light,—men call it Love.

J. INGELOW.

THANKSGIVING

We thank Thee, oh, Father, for all
that is bright,—
The gleam of the day, and the stars
of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the
fruits of our prime,
The blessings that march down the
pathway of time.

We thank Thee, oh, Father, for all
that is drear,—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of
the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in
vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or
pain.

We thank Thee, oh, Father of all, for
the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest
hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful
hand,
And all the soul-help that sad souls
understand.

We thank Thee, oh, Father, for days
yet to be,—
For hopes that our future will call us
to Thee—
That all eternity form, through Thy
love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the man-
sions above.

W. CARLETON.

SEEK IT!

True happiness is to be free from perturbation; to understand our duties towards God and man; to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to torment ourselves either with hopes or fears; but to rest satisfied with what we have which is abundantly sufficient, for he that is so, wants nothing.

SENECA.

It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working, but it seems to me no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work.

J. RUSKIN.

DON'T!

Don't look for the flaws as you go
through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat
blind
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a tint of
light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.
The current of life runs every way
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your face 'gainst the river's
course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your
puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.
The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter,
Some things must go wrong your
whole life long
And the sooner you know it the
better.

It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. Whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul; the face catches the glow only from that side.

W. C. GANNETT.

For I, a man, with men am linked,
And not a brute with brutes; no gain
That I experience must remain
Unshared; but should my best endeavour
To share it, fail—subsisteth ever
God's care above, and I exult
That God, by God's own ways occult,
May—doth, I will believe—bring back
All wanderers to a single track.

R. BROWNING.

A wound seared by the iron may become whole, but a wound burnt in by the tongue can never heal.

TIRUVALLUVAR.

CONSCIENCE

Oh! Conscience! Conscience! man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art oh! woe for me, his deadliest foe!

G. CRABBE.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's.
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road
Singing beside the hedge.

E. B. BROWNING.

HOPE

Oh Hope! bright angel Hope! Thank God that, whatever else is taken, thou art still left to bless the world!

I. OSMOND.

I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something—
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.

E. E. HALE, D.D.

Is it the work that makes life great and true?
Or the true soul, that, working as it can,
Does faithfully the task it has to do,
And keepeth faith alike with God and man?

W. SMITH.

We should have patience and forbearance, too, in dealing each with each. Life's wear and tear do often gnarl us to most crooked shapes.

S, W, PARTRIDGE.

REST

An easy chair sometimes is an essential part of the strenuous life.

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it.

J. R. LOWELL.

There are two things we should learn to forget—the good we have done to others, and the evil others have done to us.

We all want to be doing what we fancy to be great things. Yet how should we know what are great things and what are small ones? Let us rather be anxious to do what we have to do perfectly.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Faith that increaseth, walking in light,
Hope that aboundeth, happy and bright,
Love that is perfect, casting out fear,
These will ensure you a Happy New Year.

F. R. H.

I believe in human kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken:
In the gentleness that slowly
Sanctions what would others grieve,
In the trust that deep and holy
Hopeth all things, I believe!

J. S. B. MONSELL.

There's many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or the mother's prayer to Heaven;
Or, only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

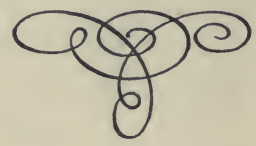
WORK

It is better to wear out than rust out, and there is "a dust which settles on the heart as well as that which settles upon the ledge."

R. JEFFRIES.

You value life—take care of your time, for time is the stuff of life.

B. FRANKLIN.



THE BEST IS YET TO BE

GOOD FEELINGS

Strangers yet!
Tell not Love it must aspire
Unto something other—higher:
God Himself were loved the best
Were our sympathies at rest,
Rest above the strain and fret
Of the world of—strangers yet!
Strangers yet!

LORD HOUGHTON.

On the road to Romany
It's stay, friend, stay!
There's lots o' love and lots o' time
To linger on the way;
Poppies for the twilight,
Roses for the moon;
It's happy goes as lucky goes
To Romany in June.

WALLACE IRWIN.

GOOD FEELINGS

Then whence it is I cannot tell,
But there is some mysterious spell
  That holds me when I'm glad:
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
  Or wherefore I am sad.

KIRK WHITE.

A crust and a corner that love makes
    precious,
With the smiles to warm and the
    tears to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter when cares
    come after,
And a moan is the finest foil for
    laughter;
        And that is life!

P. L. DUNBAR.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that
    glow,
  But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

GOOD FEELINGS

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round the evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire; . . . . .
. . . I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.

KIRK WHITE.

They played together,
Strayed together;
They sorrowed together,
Grieved together;
They sought the true together,
Danced together,
Hoped together;
In age grew young together.

J. K. BANGS.

Leave all thy pleasant love apart,
God hid the whole world in thy heart.

R. W. EMERSON.

GOOD FEELINGS

I raise
The song of thanks and praise; . . .
. . . for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing.

WORDSWORTH.

God's benison go with you and with those
That will make good of bad and friends of foes.

SHAKESPEARE.

After dark night cometh the joyful morrow,
So follow joys upon the track of sorrow.

CHAUCER.

No storm so fierce but calm prevails
And hushes wave and wind to rest,
Till, touched to glory by the west,
Like cloth of gold shine distant sails.

A. B. COOPER.

GOOD FEELINGS

Mechanic soul, thou must not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most when Martha's reconciled to Mary.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head and strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.

POPE.

All earthly joys do quickly fade,
Nor give to any full content;
The wisest is who trusts them least,
Who trusts them most shall most repent.

CHAUCER.

GOOD FEELINGS

I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
I'm a general lover, if that's commendation,
And yet can't withstand, you know whose fascination.
But I find that amidst all my tricks and devices,
In fishing for good, why, I'm pulling up vices;
So as for the good, why, if I possess it,
I'm not learnèd enough to express it.

KIRK WHITE.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide—
The passing pang of humbled pride.

SIR W. SCOTT.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat
Must tarry the grinding.

SHAKESPEARE.

GOOD FEELINGS

They that have heritage of self-control
In all things, not taught, but the pure in heart,
These then may gather flowers, but none impure.

HIPPOLYTUS.

The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.

J. MILTON.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long.
All earth-born cares are wrong;

O. GOLDSMITH.

The man whose mind, on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent
With undiverted aim,
Serene beholds the angry crowd;
Nor can their clamours fierce and loud
His stubborn honour tame.

HORACE.

THE FORWARD LOOK

Hope fades not with the years,
I mourn not what is past;
Though grief may bring forth tears,
I shall find joy at last.
What though the way be long,
And stones may bruise my feet?
I'll go with jest and song,
By hill and lane and street.

T. PRATT.

Man is soon deprest;
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
But Thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season.

WORDSWORTH.

What heart and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?

R. BROWNING.

THE FORWARD LOOK

My cage confines me round,
  Abroad I cannot fly:
But though my wings are tightly bound
  My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of my soul.

MADAME GUYON.

Rising in lyric rings,
There is a bird that sings:
  "Never, heart, never!"
Meaning: From higher things
Never restrain thy wings,
  Mounting for ever,
  Dare and endeavour.

M. CAWLIN.

Heaven begins by doing right
  Not in some dim distant star;
Live to-day in saintly wise;
  Heaven's about you where you are.
Oh! strange old world, so young and gay,
  I find my comfort in thy hills,
And songs of hope are sung to me
  By all thy friendly rills.

M. FARNINGHAM.

THE FORWARD LOOK

The distant prospect always seems
more fair,
And when attained, another still succeeds,
Far fairer than before, yet compassed
round
With the same dangers, and the
same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary
maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy
form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find
When Life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

KIRK WHITE.

Oh, do not deem that it matters not
How you live your life below;
It matters much to the heedless
crowd
That you see go to and fro:
For all that is noble and high and
good
Has an influence on the rest;
And the world is better for every one
Who is living at his best.

THE FORWARD LOOK

Be like a bird that on a trembling spray
  Alights and sings;
Beneath his weight, should it give way,
  He spreads his wings.

V. HUGO.

I pray you, master Life, where winds your stream?
  Methinks there blooms the balm that now I lack;
Pay me this wage—though nevermore I dream,—
That thither I shall fare and turn not back.

V. CLODD.

I'm weary of the city, with its ceaseless toil and strife,
  With the loud, insistent humming of its busy human hive,
Where love itself is often but a bitter sweet of life,
  And the honey is not always for the lips of those who strive.

E. MATHESON.

THE FORWARD LOOK

Hope, like the glimmering tapers light,
  Adorns and cheers the way:
And still, as darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray.

O. GOLDSMITH.

My soul is like the oar that momently
  Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea;
  Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

S. LANIER.

There is always a hope in the storm or the calm,
There is always a hope and a comforting balm.

S. HIBBERD.

Out of the songs of frailest birds,
  Out of the winds that veer,
My soul has winnowed deathless words
  Of faith and hope and cheer.

LIVING MATERIALS

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line,—be that sublime;—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

J. R. LOWELL.

Herein
Consists the awfulness of human life
That no man knows the confines of a sin,
The generations of a virtuous deed;
And hence the obligation to entreat
All men with tender charity, since all
Are victims if offenders too; and oft
The fractures of the wicked are derived
From flaws of saints. And since one perfect Life
Can leaven all, perhaps one sinning soul
Can stay the bliss of all the church of God.

A. BUNSTON.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

SIR W. SCOTT.

LIVING MATERIALS

Just and strong and opportune is the moral rule of God;
Ripe in its times, firm in its judgments, equal in the measure of its gifts:
Yet men, scanning the surface, count the wicked happy,
Not heading the compensating peace, which gladdeneth the good in his afflictions,
They see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow
Like wreathed adders crawling round his midnight conscience . . .
Likewise of the good what know they? the memories bringing pleasure,
Shrined in the heart of the benevolent and glistening from his eye
The calm self-justifying reason that establisheth the upright in his purpose,
The warm and gushing bliss that floodeth all the thoughts of the religious
Many a beggar at the cross-way, or grey-haired shepherd on the plain,
Hath more of the end of wealth, than hundreds who multiply the means.

LIVING MATERIALS

The soul that sees Him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds.

W. COWPER.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud!
Prepost'rous man first sow'd and then he plough'd.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

LIVING MATERIALS

O how this flesh doth draw
  My fettered soul to that deceitful fire!
And how the eternal law
  Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good,
Are all the laws of flesh and blood.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

One sought to follow Happiness a-down a flow'ry glade,
And as he went the fairy form be-fore him seemed to fade;
Then he returned to dig and plant in his own garden plot,
And Happiness beside him stood to beautify the spot.

E. E. TRASTED.

In dreams that flush my midnight hours,
When forms of ill assert their powers,
And looms the future with its dread,
I sometimes see, in darkness bred
  All I might be.

J. P. PERKINS.

LIVING MATERIALS

I cannot raise the dead,
Nor from this soil pluck precious dust
Nor bid the sleeper wake,
Nor still the storm, nor bend the lightning back,
Nor muffle up the thunder,
Nor bid the chains fall from off creation's long enfettered limbs.
But I can live a life that tells on other lives,
And makes this world less full of anguish and of pain;
A life that like the pebble dropped upon the sea,
Sends its wide circle to a hundred shores.
May such a life be mine.

H. BONAR.

Happy is he who, though the cup of bliss
Have ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss,
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain.

KIRK WHITE.

LIVING MATERIALS

A King can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

R. BURNS.

It's my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction: . . .
Now laughing and pleased, like a child with a rattle;
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle:
Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.

KIRK WHITE.

To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belong to-morrow.

TRANSLATION BY A. COWLEY.

LIVING MATERIALS

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fanning can
Unfix, or wrench from giving all their due. G. HERBERT.

Virtue kindles at the touch of joy
Like a man's cheek laid on a woman's hand.
And God, who knows it, looks for quick returns
From joys.
MRS. BROWNING.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and branks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles . . . .
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.
J. MILTON.

LIVING MATERIALS

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
Or like a nutshell in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
That sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

R. BURNS.

Breathe thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of thine,
This wandering day of mine;
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot;
Reproachful eyes! remember not
That I have grieved thee
On this day of thine.

E. S, PHELPS.

LIVING MATERIALS

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in gear;
To make us truly blest.

R. BURNS.

My God Thou canst do everything
But what should show Thee weak.

J. MASON.

Heartily know
When half-gods go
The gods arrive.

R. W. EMERSON.

All is not gold that glitters,
Pleasures seem sweet, but prove a glass of bitters,
When ignorance enters, folly is at hand:
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip: who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue if she tumble.

O. GOLDSMITH.

LIVING MATERIALS

I love that I may love; that I may grow
I grow; I am that I may fuller be
Make me, O Lord, my being's end to know
And to proceed in Thee.

G. W. ROBINSON.

The lost days of my life until to-day,
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for good but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway.

C. ROSSETTI.

Is or *is not*, the two great ends of fate,
Of true or false the subject of debate.

J. WILMOT.

LIVING MATERIALS

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave;
So high, that all the virtues then did come,
As to their chiefest seat,
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

A. COWLEY.

Deeper import have these trifles
Than we think or care to know;
In the air a feather floating
Tells from whence the breezes blow.

G. MONSELL.

Spontaneous joys, when nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

O. GOLDSMITH.

LIVING MATERIALS

My soul, thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss;
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted ere th' art cast anew.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

J. HAY.

If there were dreams to sell
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from life's fresh crown
Only a rosebud down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?

T. L. BEDDOES.

LIVING MATERIALS

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long.

J. DRYDEN.

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed—but still returneth.

P. B. SHELLEY.

I like to think of winter nights made bright
By book and hearth-flame when we two shall smile
At memories of to-day, we two content
To count our vanished dawns by candle-light
Seeing we hold in our old hands the while
That gift of gold youth left us as she went.

T. GARRISON.

DIVINE BLESSINGS

Think of God's will as the will of a Father
All loving and wise; then, whatever betide,
Come gladness or grief, thou wilt choose His will rather
Than all the delights that the world gives beside!
So shalt thou be a free'd bird ascending
With blithe joyous song to the blue sky above,
Assured that all sorrows will soon have an ending
That God's Way is Perfect, for God is All-Love. K. A. SHERRIFF.

God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait. J. MILTON.

DIVINE BLESSINGS

Though heralded with naught of fear,
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,
Thy Father's call of love.

J. G. WHITTIER.

The mirror from its glossy plain
Receiving still returns the light,
And, being generous of its gain,
Augments the very solar might:
What unreflected light would be,
Is just Thy spirit without me.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Thou hast sought God's will, but thine own was sweet,
Thou hast sought God's will, thine own was on the throne;
Now, take thy will and lay it at His feet,
And make His will thine own.

M. LOWENSTEIN.

DIVINE BLESSINGS

Keep a smile on your lips; it is better
To joyfully, hopefully try
For the end you would gain than to fetter
Your life with a moan and a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
The beauty of heaven to mar,
Yet night so profound there is never
But somewhere is shining a star.
Keep a song in your heart; it will lighten
The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
The work your high purpose has planned.
Your notes to the lives that are saddened
May make them to hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously gladdened
By songs they shall sing in return.

N. WATERMAN.

Wonder not to see this soul extend
The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend.

J. DRYDEN.

DIVINE BLESSINGS

O Blessed Life; the mind that sees
  Whatever change the years may bring,
  A mercy still in everything
And shining through all mysteries.

W. T. WATSON.

At cool of day, with God I walk
  My garden's grateful shade;
I hear His voice among the trees,
  And I am not afraid.

C. WATSON.

Who dwelleth in that secret place
  Where tumult enters not:
Is never cold with terror base,
  Never with angels hot.
For if an evil host should dare
  His very heart invest,
God is his deeper heart and there
  He enters into rest.

G. MACDONALD.

There are sleeping dreams and waking dreams:
What seems is not always as it seems.

C. ROSSETTI.

DIVINE BLESSINGS

There is a kind of sympathy in souls that fits them for each other; and we may be assured when we see two persons engaged in the warmths of a mutual affection that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall the person beloved, and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another.

R. STEELE.

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.

J. R. MILLER,

A CHEERFUL HEART

Write on your day-book, on your ledger, on your money-safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. The good times, if we will but believe it, are now; the better times are not backward—but beyond. We believe, as in the past, so in the future, the world will grow better and better. By and bye the world and all that is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and the new earth righteousness, only righteousness, shall dwell; and cheerfulness and growth will ever mark the progress of the soul.

TALMAGE.

The way of happiness can only be found if it is not deliberately sought. To seek happiness is almost always to miss it.

C. CLEAR.

A CHEERFUL HEART

The great drawback of the lessons of experience is that they are learnt too late. The life wherein they would have been of use is lived out whilst we are learning them. We mar our little day of happiness by folly, weaken a friendship, lose a love, throw away a fortune,—then we turn from the sunlight, and grow cynical, or write a book, or give way to sentiment, and quote "Sorrow's crown of sorrow" till we have quoted all the beauty out of it.

M. LINSKILL.

In life's earnest battle
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward
And never say fail.

It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me in the sunshine; I am in it as the butterfly floats in the sun-laden air. . . . To the soul there is no past and no future; all is and will be ever, in now.

R. JEFFERIES.

A CHEERFUL HEART

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we all discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins.

H. DRUMMOND.

So soon made happy? Hadst thou learned
What God accounteth happiness,
Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess
What hell may be His punishment
For those who doubt if God invent
Better than they.

R. BROWNING.

Not a single element of man's thought or deed is ever lost or forgotten. . . . There is here absolutely no waste, but every thrill of human emotion, every effort and pang that seemed so fruitless are being wrought up by the invisible cosmos chemistry into finished products of measureless value.

J. BRIERLEY.

A CHEERFUL HEART

It is our feebleness, our ignorance, our want of life, our inability to give fine form to thought and feeling, that make our disquiet. The more of life, the more rest; the swifter the creation, the more peace; the quicker the spinning of the sphere, the quieter the sphere.

S. BROOKE.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise. It arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions.

J. ADDISON.

A CHEERFUL HEART

To do with as few things as we can, and, as far as we can, to see to it that these things are the work of free men and not of slaves; these two seem to me to be the main duties to be fulfilled by those who wish to live a life at once free and refined, serviceable to others, and pleasant to themselves.

W. MORRIS.

I opened the doors of my heart,
And behold
There was music within and a song,
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it long.

J. INGELOW.

Oh! do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative towards those we love, until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the dark journey with us. Oh! be swift to love, make haste to be kind.

SIR O. LODGE.

A CHEERFUL HEART

If you want to be happy, if you want to live a contented life, if you want to live a life of genuine pleasure, do something for somebody else. When you feel unhappy, disagreeable and miserable, go to some one else who is miserable, and do that person an act of kindness, and you will find that you will be made happy. The miserable persons in this world are the ones whose hearts are narrow and hard; the happy ones are those who have great big hearts. Such persons are always happy.

B. T. WASHINGTON.

All actual heroes are essential men,
And all men possible heroes.

MRS. BROWNING.

Never quarrel with life—in a valley of roses,
If one blossom fade, do we kick at the thorn?
Though we lose the bright sun when the soft even closes,
Shall we sullenly wait for his coming at morn?

A CHEERFUL HEART

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love which gives to the love of emotion itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of anyone, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it.

DR. T. BROWN.

Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood,—let in happiness
Amid the boundless theatre of thought—
From nothing up to God,—which makes a man!

YOUNG.

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.

F. W. ROBERTSON,

A CHEERFUL HEART

To do something however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.

LORD AVEBURY.

There shall never be one lost good; what was, shall live as before.
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more.
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

R. BROWNING.

Mankind is always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

S. SMITH.

It's not the thing you do,
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.

A CHEERFUL HEART

We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it, and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it.

S. SMILES.

True happiness is to no spot confined;
If you preserve a firm and constant mind,
'Tis here, 'tis everywhere.

WYNNE.

The happiness of life depends less upon what befalls us than upon the way in which we take it.

J. K. LAVATER.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content.

G. GRANVILLE.

GOOD AND EVIL

Natural good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from Heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue. He has learnt much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered that most strict and necessary connection, that does, and will ever exist, between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness.

COLTON.

Live larger life,
Stay not in narrow places;
Take a broad outlook
Over men and days.
Oh! little soul, be great,
Show sweeter graces;
Live, love, labour
In God's largest ways.

M. FARNINGHAM.

We are not told that the right way is more rough and painful, only that it is narrow and not easy to find.

LORD AVEBURY.

TRUE PERSPECTIVE

If ever one receipt was more effectual than another for keeping down anxiety it is that reach of mind which carries its possessor forward to eternity, and by making him feel that his main interest is there, gives their proper size and importance to the little interests which lie between us.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
In every place you can,
At all the times you can,
In the quietest way you can,
As long as ever you can.

F. PIGOU.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes: organise victory out of mistakes.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

YOUR PLACE

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place:
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face;
God placed you there for a purpose;
Whate'er it may be,
Think He has chosen you for it,
And work loyally.

Find good in all you can,
Take up your human load,
Fulfil the higher man,
And leave the rest to God.

Children are travellers newly arrived in a strange country—we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.

LOCKE.

Education ought not to cease when we leave school, but if well begun there, will continue through life.

J. LUBBOCK.

TRY IT!

Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest.

S. SMITH.

God lives, God loves, and hears me sing—
How warm, how safe, how glad am I,
In shelter 'neath His spreading wing,
And there I cannot choose but sing.

We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

TACT OF THE HEART

Random shots are dangerous and cruel, likely to hit the wrong person and to hurt his feelings unnecessarily. It is very easy to say a hard thing, but not so easy to say it to the right person at the right time.

C. KINGSLEY.

What heart is there so rough, so dark,
Whose gloom is so abiding,
That kindly eyes with kindly look
Can find therein no little nook
Where something fair is hiding?

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

A. A. PROCTER.

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

KORAN.

THE SPRING-TIME

Do you know what moves the earth
  Out of Winter into Spring?
'Tis the love, love, love,
  Of the sun, the mighty King;
Oh, the rapture that finds birth
In the kiss of sun and earth!

E. W. WILCOX.

Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give help,
Give love, give tears, and give yourself;
  The more we give,
  The more we live.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong—
  Therefore give us Love.

C. WORDSWORTH.

Be noble! that is more than wealth;
  Do right! that's more than place
Then in the spirit. There is health
  And gladness in the face.
Then thou art thyself at one,
And no man hating, fearest none.

NO

When by others urged to tread
A path you should not go,
Let them blame you if they will,
But firmly answer "No."
Do the right with all your might,
A good example show;
Nor fear to speak that little word,
No! No! No!

The effect of one practical example is worth a ton of declamation.

H. H. ASQUITH.

If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while.

Judge not of actions by their mere effect;
Dive to the centre, and the cause detect.
Great deeds from meanest springs may take their course,
And smallest virtues from a mighty source.

POPE.

JOY

In the rapture of life and of living,
I lift up my heart and rejoice;
And I thank the great Giver for giving
The soul of my gladness a voice.

E. W. WILCOX.

Do good around, preach what you believe to be the truth, and act accordingly, then go through life looking forward.

MAZZINI.

Live praiseworthy and seek no praise.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obeyed; just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation, without change or end.

J. MILTON.

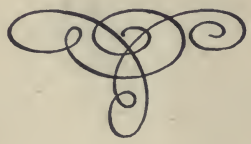
Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power, and the other water-power.

O. W. HOLMES.

SUNRISE

Though the midnight found us weary
  The morning brings us cheer;
Thank God for every sunrise
  In the circuit of the year.

O why is the good of man with evil
    mixt?
  Never were days yet called two
But one night went betwixt.



MAKING LIFE A SONG

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well,
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, "She did her best for one of thine."

H. H. JACKSON.

Genuine happiness is the delicate perfume of a holy life. The sanctified soul exhales happiness as the flowers emit sweet odours. Heaven is a tropical garden of conscious spirits, and its atmosphere is laden with happiness as the normal product of their purity.

D. C. KNOWLES.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Just being happy
  Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
  Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
By just being happy
  Is brave work and true.

Just being happy
  Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy;
  And they are not strong;
And your own sky will lighten
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy
  With a heart full of song!

Nothing is easy which we are not happy in doing. Have you been happy in your religion? I am for a happy religion. I see no use for an unhappy one; if God gives me my choice. But He has done more than that. He wishes my religion to be the happiness and sunshine of my life. Now a happy religion means a religion of love.

F. W. FABER.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Why should we not make friends
with happiness?
Life hath its grieving moments it is
true,
And daily cares,—but oh, its rap-
ture, too!
Why should we gather thorns when
flowers press
About our feet, and sweet, wild things
confess
Their inner radiance, as if they
knew
There shone for us behind the
steadfast blue
A love that asks no guerdon but to
bless?

H. A. SAXTON.

Throughout the year why not keep sweet? No frown ever made a heart glad; no complaint ever made a dark day bright; no bitter word ever lightened a burden or made a rough road smooth; no grumbling ever introduced sunshine into a home. What the world needs is the resolute step, the look of cheer, the smiling countenance, and the kindly word. Keep sweet!

G. L. PERIN.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

By what slow degrees I attained happiness I can hardly say. But now, looking back, I see this—that whereas others have to learn by hard experience, that detachment, self-purification, self-control are the only conditions of happiness on earth, I was detached, purified, controlled by God Himself.

A. C. BENSON.

Ye seek for happiness—alas, the day!
Ye find it not in luxury nor in gold,
Nor in the fame, nor in the envied sway
For which, O willing slave to Custom old,
Severe task mistress! ye your hearts have sold.

P. B. SHELLEY.

Guard within yourself that treasure, Kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness. Know how to replace in your heart, by the happiness of those you love, the happiness that may be wanting to yourself.

G. SAND.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Anything is good for us, however unpleasant it may be, which draws us from the only real misery, which is sin and selfishness, to the only true happiness, which is the everlasting life of Christ, a pure, loving, just, generous, useful life of goodness.

C. KINGSLEY.

We doubt the word that tells us: Ask,
And ye shall have your prayer;
We turn our thoughts as to a task,
With will constrained and rare.

And yet we have; these scanty prayers
Yield gold without alloy;
O God, but he who trusts and dares
Must have a boundless joy!

G. MACDONALD.

Is it not often at least, because we are so anxious to be happy in this world, so eager to grasp at a condition belonging not to here, but to hereafter, that we fret and fidget for what God has denied us?

S. LEAR.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Never mind a change of scene—
  Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
  What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
  Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
  Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
  Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
  Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
  Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
  Surest cure for fretting.

Needn't fool yourself at all,
  For there's no denying
E'en above a prison wall
  Song birds are a-flying.
Wherefore hearken to the song,
  Never mind the prison,
And you'll find your soul ere long
  Unto freedom risen.

J. K. BANGS.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Our lives are songs: God writes the words
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhythm or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

Happiness comes from the normal exercise of life's functions in any grade, doing, thinking, fighting, overcoming, planning, loving. It is active, positive, strengthening. It does not burn out as it glows. Happiness leaves room for more happiness. . . . Loving brings happiness only as it works itself out into living action. The love that would end in no helping act and no purpose or responsibility is a mere torture of the mind.

D. S. JORDAN.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. HOLMES.

Happiness, let us understand this well, is as truly our portion here as above; it cannot fail to fall within the lot of those who have chosen for their portion Him whose nature is one with infinite, unalienable joy. God, in communicating Himself to the soul, of necessity communicates happiness; and all souls in union with Him have returned to their central rest, and are happy, in exact proportion to the closeness and fulness of their union, —happy, in other words, by so much as they have within them of God.

D. GREENWELL.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives. I know this belief is hard; it has slipped away from me again and again; but I have felt that if I let it go for ever, I should have no light through the darkness of this life.

G. ELIOT.

Well, and how good is life!
Good to be born, have breath,
The calm's good, and the strife,
Good life, and perfect death.

E. DOWDEN.

The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.

S. SMITH.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Happiness does away with ugliness, and even makes the beauty of beauty. The man who doubts it, can never have watched the first gleams of tenderness dawning in the clear eyes of one who loves;—sunrise itself is a lesser marvel. In Paradise, then, everybody will be beautiful.

H. F. AMIEL.

You will find that luck
Is only pluck
To try things over and over,
Patience and skill,
Courage and will
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.

W. E. CHANNING.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

A gloomy day is a challenge to cheerfulness. It is easy—and weak—to be gloomy when the weather is gloomy. It is hard—and takes character—to be sunny when the sun isn't visible. A cloudy day calls for a bit of brightness about the clothing, a little extravagance in smiles and cheering words to offset the gloom. If ever there is need of joyousness and good cheer in our words and looks and demeanour, it is when we feel least like it, and that is when others about us are most likely to be helped by it.

There is nothing on earth a man need fear,
Nothing so dark or dire;
Though the world is wide,
You have more inside,
You can fight the fire with fire.

C. P. GILMAN.

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving—half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.

H. DRUMMOND.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

I saw him across the dingy street,
A little old cobbler, lame, with a hump,
Yet his whistle came so clear and sweet
As he stitched away at a dancing pump.
Well, some of us limp while others dance;
There's none of life's pleasures without alloy.
Let us thank heaven, then, for the chance
To whistle, while mending the shoes of joy.

G. M. G. COOKE.

We need to learn that physical courage is a grand and precious thing, that it has strong and subtle connections with all the finer forms of courage that we value most. There is great danger with the habits of our civilisation lest we grow physically timid, and the highest mental and moral courage must suffer if they are tied to physical timidity.

P. BROOKS.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

To-day whatever may annoy,
The word for me is joy, just simple joy;
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of winged things upon their flight;
The joy of noon-day, and the tried
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labour, and of mirth;
The joy of air and sea and earth—
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts upon our way.
Whate'er there be of sorrow,
I'll put off till To-morrow,
And when To-morrow comes; why, then,
'Twill be To-day and joy again!

J. K. BANGS.

Life's heaviest burdens are those our own hands bind upon our backs.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

No man can be happy who is conscious of being a drone, of shirking his share in the great world's work, who knows that he is taking all the good things he can get hold of in life's great granary, put there by the toilers, and is putting nothing back.

O. S. MARDEN.

If when the joyous day is gone,
I count the deeds that I have done,
And find one act, though small—
A loving word, a song, a smile—
That did some saddened heart beguile,
Or to a soul recall
The sunlight of the father's love,
Then I will thank my God above.

PALMER.

I am about knocked out of time now; a miserable, snuffling, shivering, fever-stricken, night-mare-ridden, knee-jottering, hoast-hoast-hoasting shadow and remains of man. But we'll no gie ower jist yet a bittie. We've seen waur; and dod, mem, it's my belief that we'll see better.

R. L. STEVENSON.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

The art of life consists in taking each event which befalls us with a contented mind, confident of good. This makes us grow younger as we grow older, for youth and joy come from the soul to the body more than from the body to the soul. With this method and art and temper of life, we live, though we may be dying. We rejoice always, though in the midst of sorrows; and possess all things, though destitute of everything.

J. F. CLARKE.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

S. COOLIDGE.

Patience and steadfastness and withal happiness and much laughter, mingled with whatever tears there may be along the way, will make even the most humble life the highest that can be lived.

R. W. TRINE.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavour?

H. D. THOREAU.

So on I go, not knowing—
I would not if I might:
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light,
I'd rather go by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

We find what we look for in the world. I have always been looking for the nobler qualities in human beings, and I have always found them. There are great souls all along the highway of life, and there are great qualities even in the people who seem common and weak to us ordinarily.

E. W. WILCOX.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

W. IRVING.

Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live,
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained;
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goodness.

J. ARMSTRONG.

Let a man, then, know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him.

R. W. EMERSON.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard:
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and bye.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the day's? Have we withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

R. BROWNING.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of these miracles of patriotism, of which woman is the instrument in the hands of God.

LAMARTINE.

Life is struggle, combat, victory,—
  Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshalled,
  With my weapons all undrawn?
Oh, how many a glorious record
  Had the angel of me kept,
Had I done, instead of doubted,
  Had I warred, instead of wept!

Life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking has his fatigues first supported by hope and afterwards rewarded by joy.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Whatever happens, either you have strength to bear it, or you have not. If you have, exert your nature, and never murmur at the matter. But if the weight is too heavy for you, do not complain; it will crush you, and then destroy itself. And here you are to remember that to think a thing tolerable and endurable is the way to make it so. M. AURELIUS.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought which sets one's heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

J. R. LOWELL.

The characteristic of genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.

R. W. EMERSON.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay under the Almighty effort; let us advance on Chaos and the Dark.

R. W. EMERSON.

'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. W. SHAKESPEARE.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Put forth thy hand, in God's name; Know that "impossible," where truth and mercy, and the everlasting voices of nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said "impossible," and tumbled noisily elsewhither, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come. It is for thee now; do thou that, and ask no man's counsel but thy own only, and God's. Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much; the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life.

T. CARLYLE.

The time is short enough at best.
I push right onward while I may;
I open to the winds my breast,
And walk the way.

J. V. CHENEY.

Dare to do something worthy of transportation and a prison, if you mean to be anybody. Virtue is praised and freezes.

JUVENAL.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Over our manhood bend the skies;
  Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
  With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
  Waits with its Benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
  Still shouts the inspiring sea.

J. R. LOWELL.

An healthy old fellow that is not a fool is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is. We speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them that we can take it.

STEELE.

The first and indispensable requisite of happiness is a clear conscience, unsullied by the reproach or remembrance of an unworthy action.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

One of the favourite thoughts which the discouraged carry around with them is, "I wonder what I have ever done that I am so afflicted," etc. Why you have done it all; you have manufactured your incidents yourself. We put up every mile-post, and the finger thereon points the way to our residence. Our joys and sorrows are closely related to us. We are victors through our own outlooks, and victims to our own misconceptions.

L. H. TALBOT.

The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow.
We press still through,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us—onward.

T. CARLYLE (FROM GOETHE).

Let us always distrust the wisdom and the happiness that are founded on contempt of anything. Contempt, and renunciation, the rickety child of contempt, only open to us the asylum of the weak and aged.

MAETERLINCK.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

I stand upon the summit of my years,
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife;
The wandering and the desert; vast afar,
Beyond this weary way, behold! the sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the dim Beyond;
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest;
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care.
Eternity! — Deliverance, Promise, Course!
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

J. B. BROWN.

Winds may blow and rains may fall:
Courage brings thee safe through all.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Above all, in our dealings with the souls of men we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue, and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies, because they are mingled with rough faults.

J. RUSKIN.

No endeavour is in vain—
The reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee.

DODDRIDGE.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Some men are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none; for friendship is a sullener thing, is a contractor and taker up of our affections to some few, and suffers them not loosely to be scattered on all men.

EARLE.

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load,
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

H. VAN DYKE.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

That man is never happy is for the present so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only forgetting himself for a little while. Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.

JOHNSON.

Then courage take, faint heart, and
  though the path be long,
God's simple rule thy steps will
  safely guide,—
"Love Him, thy neighbour as thy-
  self, and do no wrong;"
In calm content they all shall surely
  bide,
    Who walk with Him.

S. D. SEABURY.

Youth will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

. . . . .

She has a world of ready wealth
  Our minds and hearts to bless:
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
  Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Our whitest pearl we never find,
  Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
  Drop half their petals in our speech.

O. W. HOLMES.

While in all things we see or do we are to desire perfection and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing in its narrow accomplishment above the nobler thing in its mighty progress. . . . Not to prefer mean victory to honourable defeat; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success.

J. RUSKIN.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

He went down to the school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

T. HUGHES.

Time, so complained of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimm'd hours.

M. ARNOLD.

If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold.
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred fly;
For they can never be at rest
Till they regain their ancient rest.

G. HERBERT.

Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in.

STERNE.

Love, which on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been seen the sole good of life in it;
The love ever growing there, spite of the strife in it,
Shall arise, made perfect, from death's repose of it.

R. BROWNING.

Grant me still a friend in my retreat
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

W. COWPER.

The hero is not fed on sweets:
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.

R. W. EMERSON.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

The two great ornaments of virtue which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good nature.

J. ADDISON.

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipped the devil,
If I thanked my God for worldly things.

BLAKE.

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave;
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.

M. ARNOLD.

There is a certain flavour in pure friendship which cannot be tasted by those who are born commonplace.

LA BRUYÈRE.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

Happy the man who may pick the flower and wear it, but less to be pitied than men think is he who all day long until the evening feels about him the sacred perfume of the invisible flower.

MAETERLINCK.

We see all sights from Pole to Pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

M. ARNOLD.

A needle's eye is wide enough for two friends; the whole world is too narrow for two foes.

PERSIAN PROVERB.

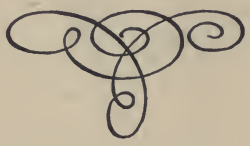
It is easy to be wise when one contents oneself with finding happiness in the absence of happiness. But the wise man was not made to be unhappy; and it is both more glorious and more human to continue to be wise without ceasing to be happy.

MAETERLINCK.

MAKING LIFE A SONG

There must be a way of taking worry rightly, so that it shall do us good and not harm. Worry, rightly taken, should train to quietness, humility, patience, gentleness, sympathy. It ought not to eventuate (though it naturally does) in making others suffer because we are uncomfortable; in making us a source of painful worry to others because we are worried ourselves.

A. H. K. BOYD.



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I expect to pass
through this world
but once.

Any good therefore
that I can do,
or any kindness
that I can show

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